Sad and Deplorable News

FROM

Bride-lane:

OR, A

WARNING

FOR

LOVERS

That are either

INCONSTANT or too FOND.

BEING

A full and true Relation of a young man, (by Trade a Hatter living in *Bride-lane*) an Apprentice, that having been Three years in Love with a young Maiden, and now fancying that she slighted him, poysoned himself on Tuesday the 21 of *March* last; and after having been buried some time in the Church-yard, was removed thence into the Highway neer *Fleet*-bridge.

Licensed *April* 3. 1676. *Oldenburg.*

LONDON: Printed for *D. M.* 1676.

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MAN is but a Lump of Clay Knead together with Tears, and would be the moſt dull and Phlegmatick thing imaginable, had not Nature, or rather the God of Nature, furniſht him with variety of paſſions; that as the change of Tides and ſeveral Winds preſerve the Sea from putrifying, ſo theſe by a continual Agitation ſhould keep him from drooping into a Lethargy of ſtupidity or idleneſs. To fancy to live wholly without Paſſions in this world, is a Romantick Dream of the Stoicks; but to endeavour to moderate and keep them in their right bounds is the duty, and ſhould be the buſineſs of each real and prudent Chriſtian.

Paſſions and Affections are neceſſary and uſeful Subjects, provided they make no Inſurrections, Mutinies or Rebellions to dethrone Reaſon, that juſt Queen Regent and Soveraign Monarch of the Microcoſme: Every man is ſuch another Creature

the Poets Fancy wise *Chiron*, Tutor to the great Hero *Achilles*, to have been half a Man and half a Beast, only we should so far imitate that prudent Fiction, as to keep the manly part uppermost, and make the under girdle Lusts, together with the irascible and concupiscible Faculties, subservient to the dictates of the Rational part.

But amongst all the Passions as there is none so pleasing and noble, so there is none so dangerous and violent as that of Love: It first surprises us by stealing in at the Eyes, as gently as the Morning-dew into the bosome of a Flower; but no sooner hath it got to the Heart, and taken possession of the Soul, but (like *Nero* after his peaceable *Quinquennium*) it turns absolute Tyrant on a sudden; ingrosses all our Thoughts, puts the Breast upon the wrack, scorns guidance of Reason, defies the advice of Friends, grows more violent by opposition, despises safety, braves dangers, embraces Ruine; and in a word, torments us with a thousand Inquietudes, which being more insufferable than Death it self, hurries the afflicted Patient to court that King of Terrors to put a period to his otherwise endless Misfortunes. Of the Mischiefs arising from hence, all Histories are full, and every day surprizes us with deplorable Tragedies; And we are sorry we have this unhappy occasion to encrease the number of these fatal Instances, The Story whereof is briefly thus:

A young man (a Harter by Trade) being an Apprentice, very well respected by his Master, not having much

much of his time to serve, of a sweet, civil, and obliging Temper; a kind of Disposition that more easily admits Loves Impressions, and continues them longer, and with a greater violence of Passion than any other, neer three years ago fell into the Acquaintance of a young Maiden, whose amiable Person and Qualities immediately kindled such Flames in his Breast, that it was impossible for him longer to maintain his Liberty against such irresistible Charms. Those that ever were wounded with *Cupid*'s Darts (and few can wholly escape them, Love being a kind of Small-Pox, which every body hath had, or else must expect) may partly imagine the Tumults and Confusions this new Guest soon made in his discomposed mind. To describe the Agonies of this amorous Feavour, or his passionate Complaints, would perhaps relish too much of the Romance for a Pamphlet, or possibly raise too great a Tempest of Grief in some kind sympathizing Souls, that languish now under the like disasters. Let it suffice to say, That he was too wise to be ignorant that the Cure must be sought from whence he received the Wound; and therefore with a discreet Address endeavoured to unvail his Affection, and discover his Passion to that Cruel Fair One which was the cause of them.

'Tis an undoubted truth, that we are generally too credulous and apt, out of a kind of self flattery, to fancy that which we wish and hope for. Upon this score, perhaps, rather than any Encouragements given by her, he built some pretentions, which it may be she never intended him; and in this kind of unsettled state, their amorous Intrigue had now spun out a Thread of such a length. It

It must be confest that *Ovid*'s Receipt, *Ut Ameris, Ame*; *Love if thou wouldst be beloved*, is the best Philtre or Love potion in the world; yet cannot it be denied, that there may be some Cases wherein even this Charm cannot take place, there may be pre-engagements, a natural Aversion, or a thousand other obstacles that may hinder from corresponding with every persons Addresses, though never so serious and affectionate. What the Causes in this particular Amour might be, we cannot certainly assign: His Person was proper, and one would think rather inviting than displeasing; his disposition excellently good and obliging; his Trade not contemptible, and his Industry indefatigable; yet all these Attractions it seems would not conquer, or at least fix this Lasses heart, but that she gave him some slighting dis-encouragements, which it seems he was not able to bear.

At first he thought to cure his Distemper by staying from her, but that cast him into such a violent Melancholy, that he was not able to indure his life. And therefore being resolv'd to live no longer, by reason he could not obtain the conquest of a Heart which he so intirely lov'd, (having before attempted to make away himself by the like means) he went forth and bought him a good quantity of *Arsenick* or *White Mercury*. In his way home, he resolv'd to give his Love the last Visit in this world, if she continu'd her former obstinacy, yet with some hopes that the sadness of his looks might adde some efficacy to his protestations, *Deares*t, said he, *I am now come for my final Answer, and to receive the Sentence of my Life or Death at your hands.* But she continu'd inexorable

rable, not believing either the ſincerity of his Love, or that he would have offer'd Violence to himſelf in ſuch a horrid manner. Thus refus'd, home goes he, and after he had made a moſt lamentable complaint to himſelf of his own Misfortune, and reproached the cruelty of his Miſtriſs, he drank off the fatal Potion, with which ſo many miſerable people have tormented themſelves to death. When he had drank it, and that the fatal Philtre began to work, he then began to repent of what he had done; But the Fate of Men is ſuch, that they alwaies repent when it is too late. He preſently went to ſome Friends of his, and told them what he had done; who preſently returned him to his Chamber, and ſent for ſeveral Phyſicians, who though they brought away by their Medicines much of the Poiſon, yet they could not remove the virulency thereof, which had already got poſſeſſion of his Vital Parts, ſo that all they could do, was to prolong his Life in a great deal of Miſery, from *Tueſday* till the *Friday* following. Yet all this while, in the midſt of his Torments he continued his Kindneſs and affection in a moſt high manner for the young Maiden; inſomuch that being asked by ſome of his Friends, Whither if the young Maiden would come and give her conſent, he would be content to marry her in the Extremity of his Condition? *I that I could*, cried he, ſtarting up in his Bed, and ſtaring about with his Eyes, and endeavouring to ſee if he could find her in the Room: thereby ſhewing the reality of his Paſſion. But at laſt, having lain all the time aforeſaid in great Torment, he departed

parted this Life; and was brought in by the Coroners Jury, *Felo de se*; or, a Murtherer of himself.

We shall not foreſtal the Readers thoughts ſo far as to make tedious reflections on this ſad and unhappy Accident, nor can we do it without difficulty or partiality: For what ſhall we blame the Coyneſs and Cruelty of Women, or the Folly and over Fondneſs of Men? It it be hard meaſure for a man to have his paſſionate Affection ſleighted; 'tis ſure no leſs unjuſt and unreaſonable to expect a Woman ſhould Love where ſhe doth not like: It will be better to adviſe all by this woful Example to take heed not to engage their Affections too far on any (hough the moſt pleaſing) Earthly Object.

GUILDHA
LONDO
LIBRA

FINIS.